Falſt. Not ſo my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet in ſome reſpects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſtar-mongers times, that true valour is turnd Herod, Pregnancie is made a Tapſter, & his quick wit waſted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent to man, as the malice of his age ſhapes the one not worth a goosbery, you that are old conſider not the capacities of vs that are yong, you doe meaſure the heate of our liuers with the bitterneſſe of your galles, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſſe are wagges too.

Lo. Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcroule of youth, that are written downe, old with all the characters of age? haue you not a moiſt eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard, a decreaſing leg, an increaſing belly? is not your voice broken, your winde ſhort, your chinne double, your wit ſingle, and euery part about you blaſted with antiquitie, and will you yet call your ſelfe yong? fie, fie, fie, ſir Iohn.

Iohn My Lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in the afternoone, with a white head, and ſomething a round bellie, for my voyce, I haue loſt it with hallowing, and ſinging of Anthems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderſtanding: and hee that wil caper with me for a thouſand markes, let him lend me the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible Lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong lion repents, mary not in aſhes and ſackcloth, but in new ſilke, and olde ſacke.

Lord Well, God ſend the prince a better companion.

Iohn God ſend the companion a better prince, I cannot ridde my hands of him.

Lord Well, the King hath ſeuerd you: I heare you are going with lord Iohn of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop and the Earle of Northumberland.

Iohn Yea, I thanke your prety ſweet witte for it: but looke you

you pray, all you that kiſſe my lad
armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, l
ſhirts out with me, and I meane no
if it be a hot day, & I brandiſh any t
I might neuer ſpit white again: ther
can peepe out his head but I am thr
laſt euer, but it was alway yet the tri
if they haue a good thing, to make i
needs ſay I am an olde man, you ſh
to God my name were not ſo terril
were better to be eaten to death wit
to nothing with perpetuall motion
Lord Well, be honeſt, be honeſ
pedition.
Iohn Will your lordſhip lend m
niſh me forth?
Lord Not a penny, not a penn
beare croſſes: fare you well: cou
Weſtmerland.
Iohn If I do, fillip me with a thr
no more ſeparate age and couetouſ
limbs and lechery, but the gowt g
pinches the other, and ſo both the
Boy Sir.
Iohn What money is in my pur
Boy Seuen groates and two pen
Iohn I can get no remedy again
purſe, borrowing onely lingers an
eaſe is incurable: Go beare this lett
this to the Prince, this to the Earle o
olde miſtris Vrſula, whome I hau
ſince I perceiud the firſt white hair
know where to finde me: a pox of
pox, for the one or the other play
toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault,
color, and my penſion ſhal ſeeme t